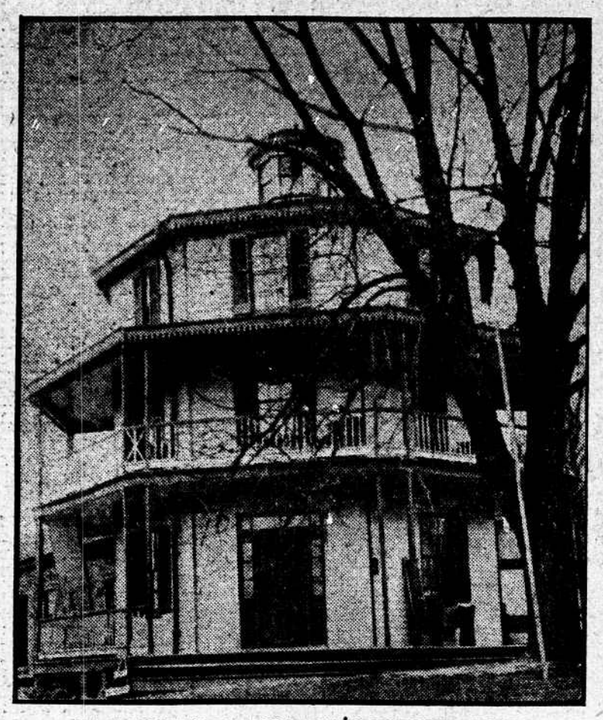
ACCOUNT FOR BUILDING OF TOMB ASSISTS RAMBLER IN STUDY OF DRANE HISTORY

One in Each Generation of Old Family Bears Name of Sir James Anthony Drane, Horticultural Wizard, Who Sent His Seven Sons to the New World.



W. S. ROGERS' OCTAGON HOUSE IN HYATTSVILLE.

NEAR Bladensburg lived the Dranes. This was so long ago that the Rambler has not met anybody who could tell him where the Drane place was, and it would seem that the information must be sought in the deed books at Marlboro. A good many years ago the Rambler wrote the story of Dranesville, a settlement at the convergence point of the Alexandria and Leesburg pike and the Georgetown and Leesburg pike, about twelve miles west of Great Falls. The founder of that settlement was one of the Virginia Dranes, a branch of the Maryland family. This is a matter which the Rambler hopes to take up at another time after meeting some engagements which press upon him.

In Rock Creek cemetery within a few yards of the east wall of Rock Creek Church is a tombstone bearing this inscription: "In affectionate remembrance of my father and my mother, Anthony Drane and Ann Smith, both of Prince Georges county, Md. This tablet is placed by their youngest son." The stone is a slab of marble laid on brick walls that rise about a foot and a half above the turf. The remains that rest under the stone were removed to Rock Creek cemetery in 1841. The place of original interment, whence they were removed to Rock Creek is not known. The burial was probably on the Drane farm, near Bladensburg.

* * * *

THE Rambler has come into possession of bills and receipts for building the tomb. Among them is this:

Washington City, July 17, 1841.

Dr. Capt. A. Drane, to
L. Stegagnini, Cr.

To a moulded tomb marble slab, lettered, and cross cut on same.....	$65.00
Carting same at Rock Creek Church and sending a man to set it up.....	3.00
Bricklayer's bill for building foundation and wall, 18 inches, above ground for same, material included	30.00
	$98.00
To digging a grave and taking up two bodies and moving the same to the Young oak tree	7.00
	$105.00

Received payment of Capt. A. Drane at Mme. Jennings, July 20, 1841, the full of this account. (Signed) L. STEGAGNINI.

Attached to the foregoing bill as exhibits and receipts are various documents, one of them being:

Received of L. Stegagnini for Capt. A. Drane, $7 in full, viz., $4 for digging a grave and disintering the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Drane and $3 for the ground for which I am responsible for to the vestry of Rock Creek Church.

(Signed) MICHAEL R. BERRY.

Attached to Stegagnini's bill is a receipt from Joseph Longson for bricks, mortar and workmanship for the tomb.

Stegagnini, an Italian sculptor, came to Washington from Philadelphia about 1839 or 1840, and established a marble yard at the northwest corner of 1st street and Pennsylvania avenue northwest.

In an account of the Dranes of Prince Georges county, it is written:

"About 1632, Cecil Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore, and his younger brother, Leonard Calvert, who became the first governor of the proprietary of Maryland, sought to persuade their kinsman, old Sir James Anthony Drane, the First, to embark for the colony, old Sir James Anthony Drane being very well known as a kind of wizard in the propagation of fruits and flowers. The old gentleman was not to be persuaded to enter on the adventure, but he encouraged his sons, seven in all, to embark in the great enterprise. They came with the Ark and Dove, landed first at St. Marys and afterward to St. Inigoes."

* * * *

DESCENDANTS of these Dranes were numerous. They are to be found in the annals of Virginia in the first generation after the landing at St. Marys and they moved northward in Maryland with the tide of settlement. They were certainly in northern Charles county at the time when that part of the county became Prince Georges in 1695, and the Dranes of Bladensburg, no doubt, go back to the time when settlers were taking out patents for wild land in that part of the county. One finds a branch of the family settled in Hagerstown, soon after immigration began in western Maryland. "In early days," which may be interpreted as the closing decades of the eighteenth and early decades of the nineteenth centuries, young members of the Maryland and Virginia Dranes were drifting to Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and North Carolina. In every generation there was an Anthony, perpetuating the name of the original Sir James Anthony Drane.

And, by the way, one of the descendants of these Maryland Dranes is Representative Herbert Jackson Drane of Florida. He is a great-grandson of Anthony Drane and Ann Smith, "both of Prince Georges county, Md.," the inscription on whose tombstone in Rock Creek cemetery the Rambler copied. He is a grandson of the Capt. Anthony Drane who caused Michael R. Berry, sexton of Rock Creek Church, and Stegagnini to make and mark the grave in 1841. Representative Drane was born at Franklin, Simpson county, Ky., and went to Florida in 1883 in connection with railroad construction and from the railroad camp then established grew what is now the city of Lakeland, which is the representative's home. He is serving his third term in Congress.

Capt. Anthony Drane, who caused the monument to be placed in Rock Creek cemetery, was born on the Drane farm near Bladensburg. Young Anthony Drane was appointed to West Point by President Monroe, the notification, certified by John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, and dated April 11, 1820, being addressed to "Cadet Anthony Drane, Bladensburg Maryland."

* * * *

IN connection with the notification is a statement of "qualifications necessary for admission," meaning, of course, admission to the Military Academy. The old document lies before me, and I will give you a copy of the "qualifications." They follow:

"Each cadet, previous to his being admitted a member of the Military Academy, must be able to read distinctly and pronounce correctly; to write a fair legible hand, and to perform with facility and accuracy the various operations of the grand rules of arithmetic, both simple and compound; the rules of reduction, of simple and compound proportion and also of vulgar and decimal fractions, and be above fourteen and not exceeding twenty-one years of age."

The cadet left his home in June, 1820, became an officer in the Army and was stationed at Washington in 1841, at the time of the removal of his parents' remains to Rock Creek cemetery. The cadet, later Capt. Anthony Drane, after leaving the Army made his home in Louisville, where he died. He is at rest in Cave Hill cemetery, that city, and by him rest his sons, Joseph Kent Drane and Ossian Anthony Drane.

* * * *

THE Rambler has obtained the name of one of the Drane homes in Prince Georges county, but not that of Anthony (father of Capt. Drane), who lived near Bladensburg and is buried in Rock Creek cemetery. The name of the old Drane property which the Rambler has found is "Spook Hall," on the east side of Collington branch, which is on the Patuxent watershed of Prince Georges. In the office of the clerk of the court at Marlboro is a deed from William Nicholls and Mary Nicholls to Anthony Drane, recorded October 12, 1717, conveying "all that piece and parcel of land whereon the said William Nicholls now dwellest, being part of Brock Hall, situate on the east side of Collington branch in Prince Georges county aforesaid, formerly given and bequeathed to the said Mary Nicholls in and by the last will and testament of her late grandfather, Edward Brock."

The Anthony Drane of this deed died in 1723, his will being probated in June of that year. The will, witnessed by Clement Hill, Benjamin Hall and Patrick Hepburn, was written in March, 1719. Anthony, the first of Brock Hall, bequeaths to his sons Thomas and Anthony "my plantation and the piece of land that I hold, during the natural life of Mary Nicholls, wife of William Nicholls, equally between them, with remainder to my son James." There is also this provision: "I give unto my son James all the plantation and tract of land I now live on after my wife's decease, to him and his heirs forever. All the rest of my personal estate I give and bequeath unto my loving wife, Elizabeth Drane, to dispose of among her children as she shall think best, appointing her full and sole executrix of my last will and testament."

It would appear from this that Anthony Drane, who died in 1723, did not live on the Brock Hall property on Collington branch, but on another plantation, and it was probably that plantation near Bladensburg which we are in search of. The probabilities are that it descended to his son James, who left it to his son Anthony, who was the Anthony whose bones are now in Rock Creek cemetery. However, it is idle to speculate on this, because the facts will most likely be brought out soon.

* * * *

IN the story dealing with Parthenon you were told how the Rambler happily strayed into the garden of an octagon house on the north side of the "branch" which divides Bladensburg and Hyattsville. The house has a history, as most old houses have, but this will be postponed. The reason for the postponement is that at this time the Rambler knows nothing about the history of the place and is not quite willing to assuage your curiosity by saying that "it was built a hundred years ago with brick brought from England as ballast, that George Washington slept there and Lafayette was entertained there." The house stands a few yards back from the lower end of that street called Locust avenue, but which was a part of the first road between Baltimore and Georgetown, used long before the building of the Baltimore-Washington turnpike. I think that this part of the road became a part of the pike, and that at a later time the turnpike company straightened the road and built that part between Bladensburg and Hyattsville which the boulevard now follows.

When the Rambler came to this old octagon house he met three young ladies, daughters of William S. Rogers, a son of James Webb Rogers of Parthenon, of whom the Rambler wrote last Sunday. Really I forgot all about my business as historian and chronicler of musty, mildewed facts. I don't believe the phrase "one hundred years ago" was used during all the time I spent there, and, fond reader, the length of time I stayed there is no particular concern of yours. We talked of up-to-date things—the latest movies; of how the toddle has become too old-fashioned for words; the reckless way in which pedestrians get in front of our cars and bend the bumper; what funny hats and dresses the women wore ten years ago, and all that. I am going back to this octagon house, as well as to Firwood, and if I can think of it I will get a few facts and legends about the ancient history of the place. And, as evidence of good faith, I hand you (herewith, as the lawyers say) a picture of the octagon house, and as evidence of good judgment I submit a picture of three girls who live there.

MISSES PATSY, MARY AND ANNABELLE ROGERS.

Explosives and Sugar.

IT appears that the manufacture of explosives is startlingly linked with the production of sugar. Dynamite, in brief, blasts the limestone that is an essential factor in the process of obtaining the sugar from sugar beets, and it is also used, in many cases, to improve soil conditions for growing them. Sugar beets, the experts assure us, are grown successfully in many states, of which Colorado, Michigan, Ohio, Utah, Idaho and California are the largest producers. In Colorado, it is said, 70,000 acres of sugar beets are under cultivation.

As with any other crop, soil, subsoil, topography and climate, all figure in the growing of sugar beets. Almost any fertile soil capable of producing other good crops, if handled properly, will be satisfactory for sugar beets. It is impossible for the beet roots to penetrate a surface soil underlaid with a hardpan. If the hardpan be a close, compact, earthy formation, however, the condition can be overcome by blasting with dynamite of proper strength, but if the hardpan be of rock and close to the surface, little can be done to improve its condition for sugar beets.

Favorable topography is of great value. Hilly country is not generally satisfactory, especially if the hills are likely to wash. Gently or moderately rolling land is the most desirable in sections where sugar beets are produced under rainfall. For irrigated land, however, it is preferable that soil surface be sufficiently level to permit of uniform irrigation.

Climate is one of the most important factors. The temperate regions are most successful as sugar beet regions. The pulp is disposed of as fodder for stock. The raw juice is carried through heaters to the mixing tanks, where milk of lime or saccharated milk is added. After the heating and mixing, the juice is carried into tanks, where carbonic acids are introduced in order to neutralize the lime. From these the juice is carried to the filtering processes and through carbonation tanks to insure clear juice.

The process from this point comprises sulphitation, refiltration, reclarification, again refiltration, boiling and crystallization, separation and granulation. Then the product is ready to be placed on the market for consumption.

Explosives blast the limestone from which saccharate milk of lime, used to purify the raw juice, is produced. Limestone and coke in known quantities are burned in a lime kiln. These kilns are located at the beet sugar refineries, as the gas produced in the kilns is utilized in the sugar refining processes. In one process of refining the burned lime is passed to a crusher, elevated to the grinding mills, where it is ground to a fine powder, which must practically all pass a 200-mesh sieve. The powdered lime is then elevated to a storage bin. From the storage bin it is passed through scales to the coolers, where it is mixed with a solution composed of molasses and the sweet water from the saccharate filter process. The cakes from the filter process are carried to the mixing tanks, where they are mixed with sweet water from the carbonic process. The resulting saccharate of milk is then carried to the raw juice mixing tanks and mixed with the raw juice. The quantity of lime used is determined by the quality of the beets, the fineness of the powder and the temperature maintained in the molasses solution. A very high temperature, coarse powder or too rapid addition of the lime causes the latter to hydrate. Partial hydration of the lime cannot be avoided. If the factory treats only its molasses production, additional lime is necessary for the juice. The consumption of limestone will vary with the quality of lime and, with practice, in sugar beet factories where the Steffens process, above mentioned, is not used.

Lime, in conjunction, generally, with with sulphur dioxide gas, is the most important chemical used also in the manufacture of raw cane sugar. The amount of lime used in proportion to the tonnage of cane sugar is, however, much less than in beet sugar manufacture; nevertheless, the total quantity of lime used in the cane sugar industry is large in the aggregate. Thus dynamite finds a necessary, although indirect, use in preparing sugar for the table.

A New Telegraphy.

DURING the war the scientific world was much interested by the report that the German army was using a method of communication known as "telegraphy through the ground." Subsequent investigation by the interested nations appeared to show that the method was a compromise between wireless and one-wire telegraphy.

The two communication stations were not connected by wire. A wire was placed along the fighting front with both ends extending into the ground, and current from a Rhumkorff coil or kindred apparatus was conveyed along it. Installed parallel to this wire, and some distance in advance of it was a similar wire, in which current was induced by the first, thus permitting the sending of signals.

The method is thus broadly similar to wireless, except that the ground forms the medium, instead of the air. One would imagine, however, that, although the method has the advantage that there are no intervening wires to be cut, it would be a very simple system to tap.

DO YOU GIVE ATTENTION TO THINGS, AND IF SO, HOW?

CLARINDA'S TIME WAS TAKEN UP WITH HER TOILET, WITH WASHING AND COMBING HER DOG, WITH BEATING DOWN THE PRICE OF TWO FANS, WITH ENTERTAINING YOUNG FRIENDS AND WITH THE EMBROIDERING OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

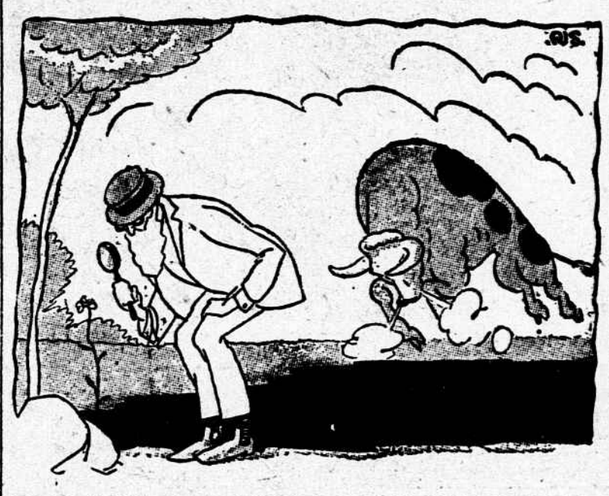
There Is a Primitive, Automatic Way; Then the Kind That Requires Effort, and Finally the Third Method, Which Is That of the Great Thinkers—The Great Lever, and What Carnegie Did.

BY MARJORIE WILSON.

ADDISON in "The Spectator" gave a transcription from the diary of a woman of fashion called Clarinda. This excerpt covered five days. Clarinda's attention during this time was entirely taken up with her own toilet, washing and combing her lap dog, shopping and beating down the price of two fans, entertaining company and in working one-half of a violet leaf on a handkerchief. Wrote Addison:

"I would have Clarinda consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it."

We have modern Clarindas, both men and women, who allow their attention to be occupied day after day



A BOTANIST MAY BE SO ENGROSSED IN EXAMINING A PLANT AS TO FAIL TO NOTICE THE APPROACH OF A SAVAGE BULL.

in ways useless to themselves or anyone else: "flapping," jazzing, moviеing, their minds being the sport of one excitement of the senses or emotions after the other, drawn this way and that, their interests and energies being dissipated, scattered to the four winds.

* * * *

FOR the most part, however, we are workers. We all have to bend our attention in one direction during our working hours. At least it is this ability to direct our thought, to concentrate our attention, that makes us good workers or poor, and in the end makes us competent or incompetent human beings, commonplace or superior characters.

"My experience is what I agree to attend to," William James, the great psychologist, has told us. A man builds up his life and experience and outlook on the universe through the things to which he attends. Imagine Clarinda's outlook!

There are three ways that human beings attend to things. The first form of attention is a primitive form and automatic, requiring no effort on our part. The second form, important to attain, requires effort, in that the person selects one thought and keeps that in consciousness by effort, sometimes a kind of mental agony, not allowing himself to think of anything else. The third form of attention can be reached only by passing through the second, and in the third there is no effort, the mind being so interested in the subject that concentration upon it is play rather than work.

Active attention, the second form, is a kind of battle that goes on in our heads and that we must win if we ever expect to achieve. If you have such mastery of attention that whenever you must solve a problem you can center it on that problem just as you focus your eyes on a thing to see it clearly, everything else about it being a blur, you are on the high road to success.

We all of us start out in life with only the elementary stage of attention. We attend passively, involuntarily, to bright colors, lights, sounds, things that move, painful and pleasurable feelings. And throughout our lives we are to a certain extent in bondage to this primitive, spontaneous form of attention.

* * * *

WHEN the late Jacob Riis, New York newspaper man, author and social reformer, was passing through the calf stage of life—age fifteen—he worked in a lumber yard. That is, he worked as much and as well as he could, considering that he was violently enamored of a little girl of thirteen, whose custom it was to play among the lumber.

It was difficult for Jacob to keep his mind on his work. His attention and interest just naturally were centered in the object of his adoration. So engrossed was he in watching her one day that he cut his shin with an adz with which he was working so that an ugly scar was left.

Another time the little girl was dancing on a beam near by. Jacob's eyes were glued on her as he worked. And he cut off part of his forefinger with an ax.

Again, he fell off a roof one day when bending forward to see her go round a corner as she left the lumber yard.

The attention that Jacob Riis paid at these times to the little girl was involuntary, natural, spontaneous, passive in that it required no effort. He attended to her automatically when she came near him just as the average person attends to color or to a bright light or to an automobile horn sounded toward the rear of him. Practically all other thoughts were inhibited in his mind. This was a case of what scientists and pedagogues call natural passive attention. It is the first form of attention, the primitive form.

* * * *

IN contrast to this: When Andrew Carnegie was a messenger boy in a telegraph office in Pittsburgh, while delivering messages and telegrams, walking along the street, he kept his mind occupied in learning the names and addresses of business houses to which he might have to take messages, so as to facilitate delivery later. Walking along the street he did not let the sounds distract him, but by an effort made himself learn those addresses.

While waiting around the office for messages to take, instead of fooling with the other boys or allowing his attention to rove hither and thither, he put his mind on learning to take messages over the wire, until soon he could take them by sound, a feat that had been accomplished at that time by comparatively few persons in America.

Carnegie's devoting himself to learning the addresses in the street and learning how to take messages, when he might have loafed, may be cited as an example of the second form of attention—active voluntary attention. He held his mind on the addresses and on the taking of the message over the wire by mental force and with effort.

That work in itself had no deep pull for Carnegie except through his great desire to succeed, his ambition to go up in the world. His interest in it at first was an imported, an indirect interest. About him were all sorts of

ANDREW CARNEGIE, WHEN A MESSENGER BOY, LEARNED TO TAKE TELEGRAPH MESSAGES.

distractions of immediate appeal to a youth, but he fought them back and out of his consciousness, because of his more permanent desire; his ambition.

Workers in offices, shops, factories, every day display this second or artificial form of attention. They voluntarily put their minds on their work because of some imported interest, such as ambition, necessity, duty, egotism.

* * * *

THIS form of attention is probably the product of civilization, we are told, some sociologists holding that savages only display it in flashes, it being natural to prefer inertia to mental effort. People began to think, or give this artificial attention to a thing, only when they had to. It is probable that this higher form of attention, the voluntary, originated in women rather than men, because, the theory is, among savages, the work, the drudgery necessary to existence was done by women who had to pay continued attention to it for fear of their men.

This active voluntary attention is our means to a livelihood. It is the lever that raises a human being from the animal plane to full human height. It also carries him on into the third stage, secondary passive attention—a stage that has been called godlike, the most perfect happiness, and which Titchener of Cornell, than whom there is no more learned American authority in this experimental field, declares to be the "chief condition of human progress."

Archimedes, the Greek philosopher, was in a state of such secondary passive attention during the storming of Syracuse. He was so engrossed in his geometry that he did not realize that anything unusual was going on until he was fatally wounded. To the Roman soldiers who entered his room he only said "Noli, turbare circulos meos." "Don't disturb my circles." He was so interested in his problem that no other thoughts could compete.

Newton, Edison, all great men have experienced, usually habitually, this third form of attention. A recent case of what may have been secondary passive attention we smiled over recently when we read in a newspaper of the young prosecutor out west who so lost himself in arguing for the conviction of a bootlegger that he threw his arm out of joint in one particularly free and vigorous gesture. Much may be expected of this young man.

* * * *

OF this third and rare form of attention William Glover explained: "A botanist may be so engrossed in the examination of a tiny plant as to fail to hear the savage bellowings of an approaching bull. The plant had no intrinsic right to engross his consciousness as it did, and in a scale of natural impressiveness the bull would easily come first. How then did the plant attain its superiority?

"The process was probably as follows: When the botanist began the study of botany he had to attend to a plant actively and with conscious effort, but the more he learned about plants the easier it was for him to attend to them; until at last he reached a point where it was easier for him to attend than not to attend. He had developed a strong secondary passive attention towards plants * * * any fact connected with them aroused attention irrespective of the will."

It is through this third stage of concentrated attention, of isolation from the world, that great thinkers have contributed to the advance of civilization by figuring out some new connection of ideas.

Two rules about attention it is well to know:

The more you know about a subject the more you will attend to it and the sooner you will reach the third stage.

The more desire, the more motive or emotion-power you have, the more you will attend, the sooner you will reach the third stage and the more you will accomplish.

The first rule explains why it is that it is easier for educated people and for specialists to succeed.

The second rule explains why it is that poor boys are more apt to make good than rich boys. Boys whose childhood has been spent in an environment of poverty usually are animated by an intense desire to rise in the world. Russell H. Conwell once investigated the lives of 4,043 American millionaires. He found that all but twenty had started as poor boys. Also "not one rich man's son out of seventeen dies rich," he states.

* * * *

PAYING concentrated attention to a subject becomes a habit, great interest, without which a person is unhappy. Work becomes a solace, a form of pleasure, of play. Henry Ford once spent most of a vacation watching a horse's legs, figuring out the tractor idea. That was his way of having a "wonderful time." To work out the solution of how to improve the tractor would give him more delight than anything else, so he went to it with as much enthusiasm as a flapper to a jazz dance.

This alert direction of one's attention in the right path day after day is an advantage that cannot be overestimated in the strenuous competition of the modern world. Your ability to pay immediate voluntary attention to a matter in hand, to direct your thoughts to things worth while instead of letting them fly this way and that, inconsequentially, is the measure of your mind and of your character.

Don't be a Clarinda!

OUR FAMOUS SONGS

"Maryland, My Maryland"

"THE Marseillaise of the Confederacy" is what some one has aptly called the song which made James Ryder Randall famous — "Maryland, My Maryland." At the time it was written it was sung all over the south, and had all the fire and patriotic stir of the famous war hymn of France. At that time—1861—it perhaps did more than anything else to solidify southern sentiment, and the song alone sent thousands to the front who otherwise would have delayed. Women sang it and wept, while men were quickly swayed to the cause of arms by the fire of patriotic feeling which every line aroused.

The writing of this song was a case where opportunity and the man met. Randall was only twenty-two, of a romantic nature and had just settled down as a teacher in Poydras College in Louisiana. He read in the papers of a clash in his native town, Baltimore, between citizens and a company of Massachusetts soldiers on their way to the front. Maryland was yet wavering, and this, with the incident mentioned, gave him the subject for the martial song.

Up to that time Randall had written but little, yet with this one poem he leaped at once into fame. It was penned in an inspired moment, and from the day it was published to the present it has lost none of its compelling fire.

* * * *

JAMES RYDER RANDALL was born in Baltimore in 1839. His early training was entrusted to Dr. J. H. Clark in Baltimore, who had formerly been a teacher of Edgar Allen Poe in Richmond. After this training he attended Georgetown College, Washington, D. C., and while a student there he wrote some clever verses for the Washington papers, which attracted wide attention and gave him a hint of his talents in the field of letters.

On leaving college Randall traveled extensively in the south, especially in Florida, the West Indies and South America. He was something of a dreamer. He drifted to New Orleans and it was there he accepted a professorship in Poydras College at Pointee Coupee, where he wrote his famous song. Afterward he offered his services to the army, but physically was not eligible for service.

Soon after publication of the poem it was set to music by H. C. Wagner to the tune of "Ma Normandie." Then it was changed by the Misses Cary to "Lauriger Horatius." The publication copyright of "My Maryland" was secured by Miss Rebecca Nicholson, who was a grandniece of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner."

* * * *

FOR many years after the war Randall was secretary to Representative Fleming, and later was secretary to Senator Joseph E. Brown, both of Georgia. During his residence at the National Capital he was correspondent for the Augusta Chronicle and his letters to that paper were regarded as the most brilliant of their day. He spent considerable time in Augusta, making that city his home for years, so that Georgia almost claims him as her son. Later he was editor of the Anniston, Ala., Hot Blast, but the later years of his life were not very prosperous and were full of many disappointments. He died in 1908.

Among the collected poems of Randall there are many beautiful lines. In fact, his "Arlington," "Resurgram" and "There's Life in the Old Land Yet," all burn with the fire of patriotism. They have life, they move and compel, for all that he wrote was under the spell of inspiration. And yet all of his brilliant literary work sinks into forgetfulness beside the one song that will always live. Perhaps if he had not written "My Maryland" his other poems would be better known. His one book is "Maryland, My Maryland, and Other Poems," published by John Murphy Company of Baltimore, 1908.

* * * *

WHILE the original poem contains nine verses the two stanzas usually appearing in the song are here given:

My Maryland,
The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland;
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland;
Avenge the patriotic gore
That decked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, My Maryland.

Hark to thy wandering son's appeal,
Maryland;
My mother state, to thee I kneel,
Maryland;
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, My Maryland.

While "My Maryland" is still sung and will continue popular, so long as the old-time songs of the south cheer and charm the soul, yet there was a time when its martial notes sounded through an expectant land like the call of a bugle. In fact, it was a call, perhaps, the most urgent and impressive of all pleadings for "men to the front," a call which swept the entire south from the Potomac to the Mexican border.